

Golden Sun: Ivory

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Summary: A Robin/Ivan Valentine's one-shot.

***Chapter 1*: Golden Sun: Ivory**

A/N: An extra late, extra special Robin/Ivan Valentine's Day ficlette. Set near Dark Dawn time, ten or so years before it. Liberties were taken with Karis' biology...(I didn't turn her into a man, I don't need any green haired men running around. I blame FFVII Terra for Karis haven't green hair to begin with. Hey, Camelot. They made her blonde now. Get with it). It's quick and short and simple. And a little bit silly (in the worst way).

Warning: Men, getting together. The way the world was meant to be.

Disclaimer: I don't own them. If I did... _ things would be sent right.

Read, enjoy and review.

Golden Sun: Ivory

"Happy Valentine's Day, Daddy!" Karis bursts into the room, a blur of pink and red as she blitzes to my bed, leaping into the air, throwing herself across the bed with a wide smile. Her hair is in a wild braid—she must have done it herself, a glittery red heart painted on her left cheek, wearing the red tunic Hama sent in a parcel a week ago.

She shoves a bouquet of wild flowers to my chest, seeds floating up and catching in my clothes. I laugh softly, taking them with one hand and ruffling her hair with the other. "Happy Valentine's Day, Karis...did you see the flowers I left? Mutt and Terry asked me to pick some out for you as well."

"Those two did...? So they can be thoughtful sometimes. It's the first time they asked you to do that." She smiles, kissing my cheek quickly and giggling, "You never have stubble, Daddy." She turns hopping off the bed, "I'm gonna make breakfast for you! So stay right there!" She hurries out again, the clatter of plates and pans soon coming from the kitchen.

I smile softly, lying back down and staring up at the ceiling, sunlight peeking through the patches in the hay. I need to get around to repairing them before the spring rains. It's already Valentine's Day again...the last time Robin had been able to come for a visit. It's rare for us to see each other with the increase in vortexes. It isn't that I resent it; I just wish he didn't put himself in harm's way so readily.

I get out of bed and dress, heading for the kitchen but Karis rushes out, tossing the apron off. "W-where are you going?" She spins around, stumbling a little.

"There's something going on outside! Oh! I'm still cooking; can you watch it, Daddy?" She hurries out without a second word, the door slamming behind her. I sigh, crouching down and pulling on the apron. She's always rushing off by herself, she's been independent since she could walk. Hama says it's normal; she was like that when she was a child.

Karis is really Hama's daughter, though, I've only shared that with Robin. Hama appeared on my doorstep years ago with an infant daughter; she never told me who the father was. I still don't know why she wanted me to look after her. I must not be doing a good job...she still hasn't learned Mind Read. I'm glad for the chance to look after Karis though...most of the time, it's like she's taking care of me.

Heart-shaped pancakes...

I remove the pan from the stove and set out the plates. I stop myself before I set a third plate. He always tries to visit one every two months, to let Mutt visit with that woman. If he was coming, he would have sent a letter.

Well, I can at least make a special dinner for Karis.

I set the wildflowers in the vase with the roses and alstroemeria, sinking into a chair and drumming on the table. It must be something really exciting to keep her this long.

There's a gentle tap on the door, a slight pause and then it comes again, a little more insistent. "Coming, I'm coming." I hurry to the door and pull it open, half-expecting to see Karis holding up a frog. I blink, caught on the blue coat, looking up slowly with my heart pounding in my ears. He shaved. His eyes practically sparkle in the sunlight as he smiles, leaning towards me. "Robin..."

"I thought I would surprise you. Looks like it worked." He chuckles, "Karis met me at the gates with the rest of the villagers. She's dragged Mutt to the Library."

I laugh softly, touching his arm just for a physical connection. His eyes flicker to my hand for a second and his smile widens as he rests his hands on either side of the doorframe, leaning over me. "She's been trying to get me to take her for a while." I touch his chest; he's wearing a breastplate beneath his tunic. Since word of the Warriors of Vale had spread, he's been more careful—covering up his armor or stowing a dagger in the seam of his boots. "I missed you..."

He clutches my hands suddenly, stepping forward while pushing me back. My heel catches on an uneven board, "Wait, Robin, don't—"

A cushion of air slows the fall and I laugh softly, patting his back, "A little too enthusiastic?"

"Maybe just a little..." He pulls back, just enough for me to see his face. He normally keeps the beard, he says he looks too young without it and people won't take him seriously. I really prefer being able to see his face. I smile, rubbing his cheeks. He catches my hand, pressing his lips against my palm. "Were you surprised?"

"Pleasantly." He shifts, helping me sit up and pushing the door shut. I smile, cupping his cheeks and rubbing gently, "I'm surprised you shaved, the last time you shaved was around summer."

"I know you like it when I shave." He leans back on his hands and I use the chance to study him. Without the beard, he looks no older than when we first met, maybe early to mid-twenties even though we're both in our early forties. Sometimes it's so surreal, it's easier to just forget how old we are. He smiles suddenly, reaching out and resting his bare hand on my cheek, "You still haven't grown a beard."

I laugh softly, "I don't like how I look with one...it's too strange. Karis always teases me when I have stubble so..."

He chuckles with me, leaning forward and rubbing his cheek against mine, "It may make things interesting. It has been a while since we were together." He sighs, putting his forehead to mine, his face a little blurry but his eyes strangely in focus. "I wanted to see you...I always turn, expecting to see you lying next to me."

"Robin..."

"I'll make it up to you once this is over, but for now..." He takes my hand, slipping something warm onto my finger. It

clicks against my wedding band and I look down to find another band—silver, inlaid with gold—resting there as if it was meant to be its pair. "Let's have a proper ceremony."

"You can't be serious..."

"You know I am. The first time was too secretive...this time I want it to be special." I smile, standing up and holding my hand out for his. He takes it, standing up.

"It was special the first time."

"I want everyone to know."

I pull on the front of his tunic, "I think everyone knows by now, Robin, you don't need to shout it from the hilltops."

"I may not have to, but that won't stop me from doing it." His smile shifts into a sly smirk and I feel a tingle pass over my body that has nothing to do with Psynergy.

"You know, I think you've become more impetuous with age. You're going to be absolutely impossible by the time you look old."

He backs me against the couch, resting his arms firming on either side of me, "I guess you're stuck with me then." I lift myself onto the back of the couch, slipping my arms around him and smiling, pulling him with me as I fall onto the couch.

"I wouldn't have it any other way."

Owari

I don't know, I can see Karis being Hama's daughter instead, just because she has none of Ivan's reserved personality and

that's what made him so special. She's just another loud-mouthed girl. How many of those will Camelot give us? Anyway...this story was more for my own benefit in the end. I just wanted to finally do a Robin/Ivan Valentine's Day story and here it is. Shing sparkle sparkle.